Sera's Public Apology Tour
By Yu May and Anonymous

The residents of the Ring of Pride crowded around the historic central market at the center of Pentagram City. A scaffold had been erected, and above it, the hellish city's motto: "Pride Goeth Before a Fall," was displayed on a banner. An oversized bill posted on the front of Dante's Divine Comedy Night Club promised seats with a perfect view of the coming public chastisement of Sera the Seraphim. Radio, TV, dead-tree edition newspaper reporters, bloggers, and every wannabe celebrity on Sinstagram had set up cameras and recording equipment to cover every possible angle of this historic event. A Seraphim, a member of the Heavenly Host, had been found guilty of secretly organizing the annual Extermination campaigns against the citizens of Hell. After a fair trial, she had been condemned by the Archangel Michael for breaking the Law of Heaven.

The murmurs of the crowd built to a soft buzz, but as the red sky above Pentagram city parted to reveal heavenly light, the entire city went silent with awe. Sera the Seraphim slowly descended to their plane, her 3 sets of wings bound behind her, her hands and feet in golden shackles. She wore a simple white gown, thin and wispy, utterly without adornment, which contrasted sharply with her shining, charcoal-colored skin.

Seven well-armed Exorcists surrounded her, the leader of the group holding a golden thread that connected to a collar around her neck. He alone did not wear a black Exorcist's mask. Even the Seven Deadly Sins shuddered as they recognized Raphael the Archangel, of the Highest Heavenly Host.

Sera's bare feet landed gracefully on the public scaffold, while Raphael and the Exorcists folded their wings behind their backs, hovering a few inches above the ground. Sera hung her head, then spotted a strange pillory behind her. Unlike more common pillories or stockades, this one had a large hole cut out of the middle, in the shape of an upside-down heart. Sera wasn't sure how it was supposed to hold her, but the sight of it filled her with dread nonetheless, so she turned her eyes to look down at the shining eyes of the lost souls and hell-born demons all around her.

Raphael's voice boomed across the city streets. "Lost Souls of Hell, Sera the Seraphim has been found guilty of waging an unjust war against your people. By unlawfully taking vengeance into her own hands, she has not only committed High Treason against the Mandate of Heaven, she has also sinned against your people. But she has been granted the opportunity for repentance and atonement. As part of her sanctification, she has agreed to offer herself up to receive justly deserved punishment. Starting today, and for as long as necessary, Sera the Seraphim shall willingly, and thankfully, submit to chastisement at the hands of those she has wronged. Sera, dear sister…"

Raphael flicked his wrist, and the golden thread that acted as Sera's leash vanished. "...it is time to face the due penalty of your error."

Sera clutched to the hem of her silk gown, before two Exorcists appeared at her sides, and Sera allowed herself to be disrobed. Beneath the virginal gown, she wore golden neglige. It was just like an Earthly itsy-bitsy, tweeny-weeny, yellow, polkadot bikini (sans yellow polka dots).

Sera spotted an antique radio microphone at the edge of the scaffold, and approached it. "...I am…"

Sera started when she heard her voice create feedback, before a radio demon fiddled furiously with his audio control panel, and waved a microphone at Sera, slapping it with the palm of his hand. Understanding, Sera covered the microphone and patted it a few times, until the horrible high-pitched noise dissipated. Already, she was trembling. "...I am…sorry for what I did to your people. Before coming here, all I could think about was how frightened I was to face your judgment. It nearly gave me a panic attack. But as I prayed and reflected, I recalled how frightened all of you must have been…due to my actions. I was motivated by fear. I was motivated by hatred. I tried to justify my actions with all manner of arguments, but in my heart I always knew it was wrong. I willfully suppressed this knowledge. Now, I wish to do whatever I can to make amends for my past misdeeds. I know a mere apology cannot undo the harm I have done. I cannot demand your forgiveness, nor do I expect forgiveness. I can only plead with you to please forgive me, if you can. And even if you cannot forgive me, I hope that my fate will forever serve as a mark of shame, a lasting warning of the price of hubris."

The microphone faded. Then, an imp seated at a table advertising the services of the "Immediate Murder Professionals" stuck his head up above the crowd. "So, who gets to spank her big, fat ass first?"

A spidery merchant with a booth advertising "Perfect Implements for a Mild Spanking" for sale, shoved his way to the wooden steps leading to the scaffold and began to hock his wares like an auctioneer:
"We've-got-paddles-straps-canes-riding-crops-belts-tawses-floggers-martinets-horse-whips-bull-whips-birch-switches-birch-bundles-cat-o-nine-tails-all-reasonable-prices!
Do-I-hear-the-old-lady-asking-for-a-good-old-fashioned-hairbursh-well-good-news-folks-we've-also-got-hairbrushes-bathbrushes-clothesbrushes-floorbrushes-wooden-spoons-wooden-spatulas wooden-clothes-hangers-wooden-rulers-metal-rulers-sandals-slippers-want-an-economic-option-we've-got-plastic-and-flexan-varieties! *GASP*
Want-something-creative-we've-got-scouring-pads-clothes-irons-waffle-irons-heat-lamps-stinging-nettles-thorns-needles-nails-screws-thumb-screws-bungee-cords-and-everything-but-the-kitchen-sink-unless-you-think-you-could-spank-her-with-a-kitchen-sink-in-which-case-we'll-get-you-one!"

An imposing female demon raised her hand and barked. "Enough!"

The crowd parted to make way for Carmilla Carmine, one of the rising overlords and crime bosses of Hell. With a single bound, Carmilla pirouetted up to the scaffold to join Sera. As a

Seraphim, Sera was a tall, imposing figure, but Carmilla stood eye-to-eye with her. With a look of disgust, Carmilla turned to face the crowd. “Those toys might tickle an angel, but I propose something more…poetic.”

With a bit of sleight-of-hand, Carmilla flourished what looked at first like a wide-bladed, two handed sword out of thin air. Sera’s head spun as she recognized it was in fact a silvery spanking paddle. It even had holes in the middle, each the size of a silver-dollar coin, to cut down on wind-resistance.

Carmilla gripped the paddle in two hands, like a master swordswoman. “This is angelic steel, reforged from the same weapons that were used in the Extermination.”

Raphael suddenly appeared between Carmilla and Sera. “A fitting tool of discipline. I will order my Exorcists to ready the prisoner, and you may demonstrate. But remember, Sera is still under Divine Protection. Her life is not forfeit.”

Carmilla struggled to keep her face set. “Yes, of course. Luckily, you angels are almost impossible to kill, even on purpose.”

Raphael held up a hand, and his six Exorcists obeyed a silent command to lead Sera to the pillory. Sera’s eyes widened as her fellow angels opened the pillory and began to secure her hands and ankles in place. “Couldn’t I just…Is all this really necessary?”

One of the exorcists shook her head, and guided Sera into position. “Courage, sister. This trial of the flesh shall pass.”

As Sera seated herself on the pillory, she finally understood the intent of the design. The heart-shaped hole would support her thighs, while allowing a wide, ample window to perfectly frame her wide, “apple bottom.” Sera felt her buttocks thrust forward and upward as the pillory locked in place. The holes in the pillory held Sera’s wrists and ankles behind her, along with her buttocks. It was as if her hands and feet were teasingly close to being able to shield her backside, without actually being able to do anything to stop her coming ordeal.

Carmilla gripped the steel paddle like a baseball home-run derby champion. “Now, the key to delivering a good paddle stroke is to relax. Keep your eye on your target, then, using your whole body–”

Carmilla delivered a homerun swing with the paddle, which instantly flattened Sera’s meaty cakes to resemble two pancakes. The puppy fat of Sera’s behind pressed through each of the holes. Sera howled in agony, and the pitch of her voice suggested that, whatever Sera had expected the paddle to feel like, the reality of the paddle had already exceeded her expectations. For a full second after her buttocks felt the first spank, ripples reverberated rhythmically through the fatty flesh. After several millennia of working a cushy desk job in heaven, Sera had gotten a bit soft.

After Carmilla lifted the paddle, round welts began to rise on Sera's bottom, wherever one of the holes had landed. The mounds of flesh resembled a line of raised hills, surrounded by reddening flesh where the metal surface of the paddle had made impact. As she felt the welts rise to full blisters, Sera twisted her feet and flexed her hands, but also she managed to earn a chuckle from the audience as they watched her useless squirming. As she heard the chuckles build to a crescendo of laughter, Sera felt the second wave of pain wash over her buttocks: the aftershock.

Sera arched her back as she groaned, then lay her forehead against the wooden floor of the scaffold, her brain scrambling to rationally assess the assassin's assertive and assiduous assault on her ass. Her conclusion was that her ass was grass. "No! Not this! It's too much!"

Carmilla turned to the crowd theatrically, jabbing her thumb at Sera's defenseless, captive buttocks. "Do you hear this? One swat and you're already whining. What did you expect? Hugs and kisses? A gentle hand spanking over Mommy's lap?"

Carmilla slapped her open palm across Sera's buttocks twice, leaving a fresh handprint across both butt cheeks. Unfortunately for Sera, Carmilla possessed freakishly huge hands, like polar bear claws, that were nearly as terrible as the paddle. Sera squealed, twisting to look over her shoulders, her eyes wide like a whipped puppy's. "–Ow! Ooohh, Please! –Aaahhh! …Ahm, I'm sorry!"

Carmilla saw the genuine look of remorse in Sera's eyes, and did indeed feel pity. But she also hadn't forgotten Sera's crimes. "Oh, poor sweet baby. Well, at least we've learned that you're not invulnerable. Looks like a good, old-fashioned hand spanking can work wonders on an all-mighty angel's attitude as well. In that case…"

Carmilla delivered a third slap to the center of Sera's buttocks, covering a generous portion of both her butt cheeks. Sera squeaked like a mouse, but the more she pulled her wrists and ankles against the pillory, the higher she lifted her bottom to Carmilla's gaze. Carmilla sighed. "...I suppose I can let more people take a turn…"

Scooping up the paddle, Carmilla wound up and landed another full swing, the follow through on the stroke nearly knocking Sera out of the pillory. The unfortunate seraphim jerked forward, before her restrained wrists and ankles held her fast and pulled her back into place. She gasped, too shocked by the sensation to scream, and felt her nose clog with snot.

Then Carmilla landed a third swat with the paddle, and Sera managed a broken cry, her voice cracking. Both sets of fresh welts left by the paddle nearly overlapped with the previous set, creating a pattern of welts shaped like three leaf clovers across Sera's entire bottom. As Sera started to wail, she felt snot dribble freely down her nose.

Carmilla handed the paddle to a shocked Exorcist, and patted him on the shoulder. “I’m also happy to donate my angelic paddle to the cause of rehabilitating this criminal, if anyone would like to make use of it.”

“Hey! I called dibs!” barked the loud-mouthed imp, slamming down a coffee mug decorated with the words: “Underworld’s #1 Boss.”

Sera heard the movements of the crowd as they all crowded to get in line at the scaffold. She tried to twist her back to glimpse who was coming next, but the pillory blocked most of her view. All she knew…was that she was in for a hell of an apology tour.

She felt a hand patting against her bottom. Unable to see her tormentor behind her, Sera looked up to spot Raphae in front of herl, who looked down at her with love, but without remorse. Sera whimpered. “I’m…sowwy I was bad…”

Behind Sera, the imp halted before bringing his hand down. “Uh…yeah, you’re a naughty girl, and stuff. Waitaminnit, is she into this kinky shit? Because that would sort of defeat the whole purpose! No? You’re shaking your head, so that’s a no. Yeah, I should have figured you Holy Rollers would be pretty vanilla when it comes to spanking.”

The imp landed his first proper spank, still using his hand, then settled into a brisk, steady pace, with all the confidence of someone who’d spanked plenty of bottoms in his day. Sera grimaced, but suppressed a scream, hoping to at least be thought brave for enduring her plight.

The imp smirked as he carried on. “See, I know a thing or two about how to spank a bratty bottom. I’m a loving father!”

A young hellhound woman, dressed in the most Hot Topic emo/goth outfit ever conceived, rolled her eyes. “C’mon, Blitzo. You’ve never spanked me once in my life…even when I probably deserved it.”

“Of course not! Like I said, I’m a loving father. I’d never, ever spank my wittle woo-woo!”

“So why’d you mention it? You made it sound like being a father means you know a lot about spanking. You know, like…if you spanked me.”

Blitzo shook his head as he carried on the spanking. “I implied no such thing. You merely *inferred* that. I said, and I quote, ‘I know a thing or two about how to spank a bratty bottom.’ Which I do!”

A tall, slender owl demon poked his head up, standing tall above the crowd. “And does he ever!”

Blitzo shook his head. “Yeah, yeah, love you too, Stolas. But subsequent to, and separate from that remark, I also pointed out that I am a loving father. Which I am. I just felt like sharing that for

all the world to hear. You hear that, everybody? I love my dear, darling, delightful, adopted daughter, Loona, whom I would never, ever spank, because she is precious, and worthy of being loved and cherished!"

Loona blew a bubble with her chewing gum. "...Thanks, Dad. I really appreciate that."

Sera tried to kick her feet free from the pillory, then pressed the balls of her feet against the ground, bouncing up and down as the sensation of the hand spanking built to a steady burn. Her hands twitched, and she splayed her fingers, as if trying to wave to get her spanker's attention, a wordless plea for "No more spankies!"

Sera spotted a new imp appear in her peripheral vision on her left side, a smartly dressed young imp with a nervous expression and a thick Chicago accent. "Boss, I…appreciate that you planned this whole company field trip for us, but I'm not sure we can budget for all those implements you took off that BDSM merchant."

"It's an investment, Moxxie! See, if we offer non-lethal alternatives to assassination, we can increase our total customer base. Some people don't want to hire a professional to *murder* their enemies…but might like to see them get a spanking! We'll be the Immediate Spanking Professionals!"

A young woman appeared at Moxxie's side, wrapping her arms around him tenderly. She spoke with a soft southern twang. "We'll be the I.S.P's? What's that stand for, hon?"

Moxxie checked his clipboard. "Immediate Spanking Professionals?"

The woman shook her head. "No, no, it's gotta' sound cool when people say it. Like, "We're the I.M.P's!" …So, what's an isp?"

Loona scrolled through her phone, then started recording a close up of Sera's spanking in slow motion. "An internet service provider?"

Moxxie had a lightbulb appear over his head. "Oh! I get it! Millie means we want the acronym to be something memorable, and marketable. Something that speaks to the purpose of the organization. Like how 'I.M.P.' is a subtle allusion to the fact that we're all imps!"

Loona pulled out a tripod to steady her phone camera, adjusting the focus and framing Sera's bottom perfectly for the recording. "Well, I'm not an imp."

Blitzo nodded, happily continuing the spanking. "And I will never love you any the less for it! I am fur blind!"

Sera, who had been pressing her lips together this whole time, gasped for air, and started screaming and screeching as the sensation of the spanking built to a steady, scorching sting.

Millie noticed, and approached Sera to pat her on the head. “Aw, poor little angel! She sounds awful sorry! Can’t you cut her a break, Blitzo?”

Moxxie scribbled on his clipboard. “Aren’t we going to use any of those implements we bought? I’ve gotta justify this to our accountant somehow.”

Millie hopped in place, pumping her fists. “Oh! Idea! Let’s give her a hairbrush spankin’! That always worked wonders on me when I was a youngin!”

Moxxie looked incensed. “Your parents spanked you? That’s terrible! What did you do?”

Millie looked nostalgic. “Oh, I nearly beat my four brothers into a coma. I was waiting for the shower and got hot under the collar.”

Moxxie gaped. “...Well, I hope you weren’t emotionally scarred by that experience.”

Millie waved a hand. “Ah, hell naw! The spankin’ hurt, but I knew I deserved it, and I never committed unprovoked assault and battery on my brothers again! I still have Ma’s hairbrush!”

Millie produced the hairbrush, and rushed to put it in Blitzo’s hand. “Here you go, Boss! I think you’ll notice the difference right away! …Or at least, this poor gal will notice.”

Blitzo took the hairbrush looking bored. “Oh, that’s nice, thanks Millie.”

With a blinding stroke, Blitzo spanked Sera once with the hairbrush. As he heard Sera cry, then melt into sobs, Blitzo raised an eyebrow. As he pulled the hairbrush away from Sera’s bottom, he noticed a perfect, oval-shaped red mark. “Wow, you weren’t f___in’ kidding, Millie. This thing rocks!”

Immediately, Blitzo began to spank at his steady, relentless pace with the hairbrush, a big goofy grin on his face.

Moxxie slapped his clipboard. “But that’s Millie’s hairbrush! My whole point was we need to…Ah, screw it.”

Pouting, Moxxie tossed the clipboard over his shoulder. Millie pressed an index finger against his cheek. “Aw, your face is all pouty-wowtee! Are you having a tough day?”

Moxxie pretended not to smile. “Every day is a tough day.”

Millie kissed the wedding rings on her and Moxxie’s fingers, before pulling the slender man into an unbreakable hug. “Well, I appreciate all the number crunching you’ve been doing!”

A female demon's voice barked from the crowd. "Hey! Can you hurry this up? There's a line here!"

Blitzo snapped. "Discipline is an art! You can't 'hurry it up' on art!"

He didn't pause the spanking for a moment. Sera's bottom was now evenly covered with oval shape welts, and the puffy blisters from the paddling had swollen to the bursting point. Every stroke of the hairbrush flattened them, causing Sera's black bottom to flush white, then red again, with the red color deepening every second. Her chest heaving, Sera shrieked, then dissolved into incoherent blubbering.

Blitzo examined his paint job, and concluded it was a work of art. "That's more like it! As a father, I believe that firm, loving discipline must be balanced with unconditional support and affection. Sure, she's a mass murderer, but who hasn't killed a few people?"

Moxxie and Minnie blinked, and both answered at once. "Most people?"

Sera sniffled, then bawled. "...Can't…take it…any mooooore! Baaaaaaaw-haaah! Wuuaaaauuuugh! Gurffh!"

Blitzo stroked his chin. "Hey, Raph, I don't think you thought this through. See, the bottom gets all numb after only a few minutes of punishment and…you've got more than a few minutes worth spanking scheduled for today."

In answer, Raphael held out a hand, his palm glowing, and rubbed Sera's right butt cheek. Steam sizzled from her rear end, and she moaned. "...Oh…mercy…"

Raphael gave Sara's buttock a final squeeze, then glided his hand in circles across her bottom before grasping her left cheek with similar force. As the healing power left his hand, the welts and blisters on Sara's bottom faded, until it was good as new.

Someone in the assembled crowd started singing in a low, sonorous voice. "Bum, bum, bum, bum, I see your heinie! Bum, bum, bum, bum, all black and shiny! Bum, bum, bum, bum, bum, you better hide it! Bum, bum, bum, bum, bum, before I bite it!"

Sera pursed her lips, and finally relaxed her breathing. "...Thank you, brother."

Raphael planted a firm clap across the lower center of Sera's bottom. As she felt the fresh sting, she twitched, then yelped with a delayed reaction. "...Eep!"

Raphael gestured to the single, soft red mark in the shape of his hand. "See? All things can be made new. Now the next disciplinarian may begin again, from the beginning. I will appoint an Exorcist to assist as often as necessary."

“Sweet! Hey, Loo-Loo, you want a turn? This might be good practice for you, one day, when you’re a wife!”

Loona looked up from her newspaper, which advertised the news of Sera’s public punishment on the front page, above the fold. “What are you talking about? I’m not gonna’ spank my kids, so why would I need to know anything about spanking.”

Blitzo looked revolted. “Who said anything about spanking kids? That’s barbaric! But everyone should know how to give a good spanking. It’s an essential life skill, like how to operate a firearm safely, or changing your smoke detector batteries.”

Moxxie held up a hand. “Or how to pay your taxes?”

Blitzo narrowed his eyes. “What’s a ‘taxes’?”

Sera strained against the pillory as she overheard the casual discussion of her ongoing torture. “No! Have compassion! Forgive me!”

Glancing at an article honoring the victims of the last Extermination campaign, Loona rolled up her newspaper. “Okay, Dad. I’ll give it a shot. A rolled-up newspaper worked wonders on me when I was housebroken.”

As Loona patted the newspaper experimentally against her victim’s bottom, Sera shook her head, looking back and forth to the other Exorcists. “I’m not a dog! I’m a Holy Seraphim! A Holy–”

Loona smacked the newspaper with resounding force across Sera’s backside. Sera clenched her teeth. “Hoooly!”

Another smack of the newspaper. Sera howled like a wolf. “Hoo-ooh-leeeeey!”

Loona arched her neck and howled at the sky, before shaking her head. “Hey, cut that out! Once you start–”

All the assembled Hell-Hounds started to howl at the moon. Loona sighed. “…Holy hell.”

Minnie glanced at Sera’s bikini clad bottom. “Hold on a durn minute! Why’s she wearing that? In my day, Mama always spanked on the bare butt. When I got too big for my britches, there was no better way to take me down a notch…then taking my britches down a notch!”

Moxxie pulled at his collar, dreading his next visit to Millie’s home to celebrate Sinsmas with the in-laws. “Yeah…What even is the point? It’s not like those bikini bottoms do anything to protect her anyway?”

Loona neither paused spanking, nor bothered to look up. “Nice argument you got there, nerd, but have you considered *this?*”

After landing an extra hard spank to emphasize the last word of her sentence, Loona paused, tucked her newspaper under her armpit, and traced her clawed finger along the edge of Sera’s bikini. Sera hissed and blew sharp breaths as she felt her ordeal pause. “Ittsss! Ooooo, ooo, ooch! What’re you–”

With a graceful tug, Loona pinched Sera’s bikini and lifted her buttocks as high in the air as the pillory would allow, stretching the elastic of the golden bikini to nearly its breaking point, and angelic golden bikinis are nigh unbreakable. Sera hooted like an owl, then mewled like a kitten, then yelped like a puppy, as Loona bounced her up and down. “Oohoo! Mmeeew! Yip! …My ass!”

As Sera’s bikini was stretched to the width of a piece of string, it was as if Loona was playing with a yo-yo. Sera protested. “Please, just spank me! I know I deserve it, but even that is better than–”

Grasping the rolled up newspaper again, Loona studiously ignored Sera’s whining as she wound up her arm to begin the spanking all over again, landing the rolled up newspaper across Sera’s tightly clenched buttocks. After about 13 spanks, Loona fell into a steady pattern, and Sera started whining. “No! Don’t spank me! Just give me the wedgie! Anything but this!”

But Loona carried on doing both for a good 666 whacks. And when she was done, Minnie insisted she demonstrate a loving hairbrush spanking like her Ole’ Mama Lin used to give her back on the ranch…which meant baring Sera’s bottom, of course. Then Moxxie sheepishly suggested that if he tested their new collection of spanking implements now, they could get a return on any defective ones under the warranty.

In between each and every spanking, Sera’s bottom was fully healed and restored, so that she felt the next spanking all the more keenly. By the end of each spanking, Sera had grown so tired, she thought she could simply drift off to sleep at any moment, but every act of healing seemed to give her a second wind, like smelling epsom salts. With every spanking, she renewed her cries and tears and protests, and it was universally agreed that she was the biggest, mewling crybaby who’d ever been spanked.

After a few hours, Princess Charlie Morningstar arrived, and blistered Sera’s butt with the angelic paddle for another few hours. After ending the long ordeal, Princess Charlie held Sera’s face in her hands to look her in the eyes. She assured Sera that she had decided to forgive her, fully. After offering Sera an open invitation to stay with them at the Hazbin Hotel anytime she was visiting hell.

Fresh tears of joy filled Sera’s eyes as she finally heard the words, “I forgive you,” for the first time that day. “Really? But…how can you forgive me?”

Princess Charlie smiled. “Oh that’s easy. Once I thought about what you’re in store for, for the next few thousand years, I decided that you’re definitely going to have been punished enough sooner or later. So I just decided to skip to the good part and forgive you now! See you at the Hotel!”

Sera spotted Princess Charlie handing the paddle to the next person in line. Sera shook her head wildly, sending her hair waving, and she writhed so forcefully, the locks of the pillory started to groan in protest. “No! This can’t go on! How long? How long, oh–YEOW! Oh, Lord!”

As Princess Charlie skipped off the stage, the Archangel Raphael stopped her. “Charlie Morningstar. This Hazbin Hotel you speak of, I think it would benefit Seraphina to be given some useful work to do while she is visiting Hell to make amends. Think of it as community service. Have you any suggestions?”

Princess Charlie pressed her fingers against her lips. “Well, Angeldust keeps saying how he thinks we need an official Spanking Host at the hotel…I think he meant something different than what I assumed he meant by that, but the idea got me to thinking. Since Seraphina has to get all these spankings anyway, why don’t we make it an official tradition at the hotel?”

Raphael blinked. “...A tradition to spank her?”

“Exactly! It’s hard to forgive people, but after someone’s been punished for doing something wrong, it’s so much easier to forgive, because now you know justice has been done. I know it will take a few centuries before Seraphina has paid her debt to society down here, but suppose we give the guests at the hotel the opportunity to spank her, as a sort of cathartic healing exercise? The Official Spanking Host gets a chance to apologize to those she’s wronged, and we all get a chance to take out some of our post traumatic stress on her booty?”

Raphael shook Charlie’s hand. “I think it’s a lovely idea.”

Sera prayed as the paddling continued. She was a faithful angel. She knew that she was forgiven. But any angel can tell you that, just because you’re forgiven of your sin, that doesn’t mean there aren’t natural consequences of your sin. And Sera had a long record of sins to answer for. All of this was captured in high-definition by every citizen and reporter in Heaven and Hell. The painful, paddling punishment performed on Sera’s poor posterior was permanently preserved for all posterity. There could be a great many books written about the many, many spankings Sera was destined to endure. Who knows, with the help of some capable historians, maybe we’ll get to see more.

But for Sera, that moment was certainly an end point. It was not the end of her pains. But it most certainly was the end of her pride.

The End